I'm overfond of my Fleet Enema

  story, how I prepared
for a colonostomy, phoned

friends to say how slow, just
    wasn't working.

And then! Jesus, Mary & Joseph!

Anyway, I’m guessing something
  unresolved in potty training.

  My Dad, a night linotype
operator on a newspaper featuring
    a bottle in every drawer,

& he opened a few ginmills after.
    My Mother screaming on
  his bright arrival, grew fat.

  This tight atmosphere I enter,
    poop trainee. Blocked it all.

    Could a therapist uncork?
       We'd climb the walls.